Hor. So will I signiour *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd Parle, know now vpon advice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a diuell: Thinkst thou *Horensio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there be good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the high crosse euerie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then haue too t'afresh; Sweete *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: he that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio* till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainesse do confesse to thee
That art to mee as secret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrle:

Counsaile

Counsail me *Tranio*, for I know th
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou w
Tra. Master it is no time to chide
Affection is not rated from the heart
If loue haue touch'd you, naught ren
Redime te captam quam queas minim
Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forwar
The rest will comfort, for thy counse
Tra. Master, you look'd so longl
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the p
Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweete beauti
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had
That made great *Ioue* to humble him
When with his knees he kist the Cret
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd y
Began to scold, and raise vp such a sto
That mortal eares might hardly indu
Luc. Tranio, I saw her corrall lips
And with her breath she did perfume
Sacred and sweete was all I saw in her
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre h
I pray you awake sir: if you loue the
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieue h
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd
That till the Father rid his hands of h
Master, your loue must liue a maide a
And therefore has he closely meu'd he
Because she will not be annoy'd with
Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fa
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke so
To get her cuning Schoolemasters to
Tra. I marrie am I sir, and now 't
Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of the ma
That's your deuice.

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